



Freedom to work for the benefit of the super-rich, to become indebted to them, to hand our pay back over to them for plastic goods harvested off the exploitation of others.

Consumerism is the infiltration of capitalism into every aspect of our existence, the totalitarian imperialism of every day life. From the time we wake to the time we fall asleep, we are barraged with thousands of messages convincing us that the void, created by the monotonous routine of life as a cog in a machine, can be filled with the next meaningless purchase.

An artificial norm is created in which we are both simultaneously consumed by overwhelming market forces we do not contemplate, and forced to consume the things that never bring the happiness we are promised. And the cost of this is great.

Work a job that, in actuality, serves no specific function, except for the accumulation of currency, because we've been told we must to survive. Our dependence on this routine is validated by the empty objects of our consumption, the trophies of our accumulation. And so, unashamedly, each action and personal choice we make is for the benefit of the engineers of our illusion.

Contemporary slaves are more profitable than ever, by way of coerced labor and strictly-guided consumption. Civilization never escaped the mining town trick; those who profit most from production also own the company supply store to which you become indebted. The avenues of extraction have simply increased.

We are told this is normal. We even actively convince ourselves that it represents progress, while a part in each of us knows that something is very wrong. We cram into busses and subways on our way to shopping, but always avoid eye contact and conversations at all cost. As dependants of the acceptable behaviors mandated and spoonfed to us, proclaiming nobility in unconditionally individual struggle, the distance between individuals has never been greater. After tens of thousands of years of mutual effort and reliance that long characterized humanity, we no longer know our neighbors. Fooled by the retaining walls of our daily experience, we fear them. We express our love for others, not in sharing mutual struggle and relationships grounded in reality, but by common experience in a series of spectacles, and in what we buy for each other. Depression, suicide, and alcoholism permeate. We are divided and conquered.



And, as always, an enormous burden of the cost falls on the impoverished and on the environment. Every 3 seconds a child starves to death, yet there is more than enough to go around. The accumulation of wealth driven by consumerism necessitates dispossession and poverty for billions.

Every natural ecosystem is in decline. An entire continent of plastic floats in the Pacific, forests are clear cut into deserts, mountains are leveled, and toxins fill our air and water as the rate of production and waste creation accelerates every day, as we're duped by billboards and glowing rectangles into an insatiable demand.

After two world wars, capitalism set aside the old imperialism in favor of the new. Wars for resources and extended markets are required to fuel the fire, and our relentless consumption is the oxygen that keeps it burning. Without it, our terror economy would come to a screeching halt, and in its absence a new era of mutual aid could be set into motion, without all the senseless concentration of wealth and vast dispersal of destruction.

Take a deep breath, step back, and look at what we're doing. It is neither natural nor inevitable. If our collective labor was solely for the benefit of our community, leisure would far outweigh work. Let's take our lives back, and begin to rely on one another again.

**Break the chains of your daily imprisonment.
Buy Nothing.**

